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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunder shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquest reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts, like jewels, light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall;
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquest reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labor

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well worn wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
Than a clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unblown by the triumph of tabor,
For holier, happier is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labor!

STORY TELLER.

SYD'S FISH.

Tom put his head into the little back parlor, where sat the ladies of the family. Syd—who had been growing sleepy over her sewing for the last half hour, with Belle writing a love-letter in the bay-window; her mother yawning over her account-book; and Grandma Greyson, nodding over her knitting by the fire—hailed his advent with delight.

"Syd!"

"Here, Tom! Whither bound?" queried Syd, rising and putting her work away.

"To the lake," waving his fishing-tackle before her longing eyes. "Proper cloudy day for fishing. Come along, sis!"

"All right, I will. Good-bye, grandma, and here's a kiss. Don't worry, mother. You needn't look so shocked, Belle, for I've been an angel all summer—haven't whistled for a fortnight. I will to-day, though!" muttered Syd, rebelliously, as she drew on her rubber boots, and buttoned her waterproof in the hall.

"Girls didn't go trapsin' off so when I was young!" and grandma shook her head wisely over her knitting-needles.

"Seventeen years old," said Mrs. Greyson, "and such a romp!"

"Too bad, for she can be a little lady when she tries!" added Belle.

Meanwhile Syd, at once the pride and torment of the family, with fishing-rod over her shoulder, was dashing through the wet fields, in the direction of the lake.

"How that girl does go!" muttered Tom, who brought up in the rear panting and out of breath. "Syd! Hold on! It's a-going to rain. Here's the umbrel! Hold on, I say!"

Syd "held on" accordingly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her hair hopelessly down. Very pretty was Syd, especially with all that shining hair over her shoulders, and not at all "fast" looking either, though she could fish, swim, play ball, row, ride and shoot, as well as her brother Tom. The two "sports" aimed for a favorite fishing station, a sort of plateau, with a fringe of sturdy shrubs along the edge overhanging a narrow strip of sandy shore. Just beyond was a deep hole, where the big fishes of the lake lay concealed.

"Stay here and fish, Syd, while I get some more grubs. There ain't half enough bait."

Syd nodded, and Tom darted away.

The fair fisher viewed the wriggling mass of worms in Tom's tin cup with evident disgust, took a thick brown paper from her pocket, opened it, disclosing fragments of fresh pork, and then baited her hook, whistling "Ye banks and braes" with all her might during the operation.

A fine-looking young fellow, sitting on a camp-stool beneath Syd's perch, looking up at the sound. It evidently disturbed him, for he frowned angrily up at the bushes that concealed the unconscious offender; but seeing no one, went on with his work. This was not fishing, however. An easel stood before him; he held palette and brushes in his hand. He was an amateur artist, probably. He had been trying in vain that afternoon to catch the effect of rain on the water, and his failure had put him out of sorts apparently, for as the unseen whistler went from "Bonnie Doon" to "Captain Jenks," he contracted his brow, and muttered something ill-natured about "confounded boys."

But he was destined to a worse doom than this, for as the line, which had lain still in the water a few minutes, was jerked sharply up, a monstrous fish dropped off, and the hook, relieved of its weight, swung suddenly round, burying itself on the back of the artist's hand. He started up, uttering an exclamation more expressive than polite.

"Deuce take that boy!" said he, with an emphasis so energetic that it reached unlucky Syd.

"Oh, my soul!" she exclaimed, and darted down the rocks.

Meanwhile the artist, holding his jack-knife in his left hand, was endeavoring to open it with his teeth.

"Good heavens! What have I done?"

He looked up in astonishment to see a lovely young lady, with a mass of bright hair around her shoulders, and great, startled violet eyes, bending over him, looking very pale and anxious.

"Oh, I am so sorry! I didn't mean to! Please do forgive me? Are you very much hurt?" all in a breath.

So surprised was he at the unexpected apparition, that he didn't hear half she said.

"Nothing serious. Pray don't be alarmed. Nothing, upon my word! Only some confounded boy up above there, who has been distracting me for a half hour with his whistling, sent me this favor—by way of climax, I suppose."

Then he showed his hand to Syd.

"Oh, sir, it was I! I'm Syd. I didn't know—I never—I—can I help you, sir?"

"Thank you, you can if your nerves are strong. I can't cut this out with my left hand. If you'd be so kind—"

"I'll try, sir. It's no more than I deserve as punishment."

Syd set her teeth and went to work. Calm and collected, her hand did not shake once, while she cut off the offending fish-hook, washed the wound, and bound it up with her handkerchief. But when the operation was over she was paler than her patient.

"Now, sir, we must go home—it's going to rain. And if you will only stop at our house a moment, mother will give you some wonderful salve that never fails to cure. You must let me do something for you, or I shall never forgive myself—"

"Don't apologize, pray. I ought to beg your pardon instead of having spoken so slightingly of your whistling. I think now it was a very creditable performance, full of spirit and grace. But if you must make some amends for your misdeeds, I'll burden you with this camp-stool to carry by way of penance. My paint box and canvass will be all I can manage. Never mind the easel; that will be all right here."

"Tom can carry it, sir. Tom!"

That individual, who had been enjoying the dramatic scene from behind the bushes, now descended and followed the couple from afar, bearing the easel, and stopping only twice to stand on his head by way of expressing his hilarity.

In the middle of the afternoon, as Belle was looking listlessly out of the window at the driving rain, she gave a start.

"Mother, see here!"

Syd was at the gate, her splendid hair down, carrying a camp-stool in one hand, and with the other holding an umbrella protectingly over a tall young gentleman, one of whose hands seemed to be somehow disabled.

"Mr. Lester, Bessie Grant's New York cousin! He's a distinguished artist, and is visiting at the Grant's during his summer vacation. What will he think of that wild girl of ours? Why, he's coming in, as I live!"

He was coming in, for Syd had said in an earnest tone,—

"Please stop, and let mother do something for your hand! Beside, I shall have to 'fess my wrong-doing, and shall want your protection."

"With pleasure, Miss Greyson. Only don't, Topsy-like, 'fess anything you haven't done."

"You think me bad enough without," said Syd, with a laugh, as they stood on the steps. "I have brought you a patient mother," she continued, as soon as she had introduced them properly.

"I beg pardon, madam, for intruding upon you unceremoniously, but Miss Sydney tells me of some magical medicine you have. I was so unfortunate as to hurt my hand."

"I hurt it, you mean," interposed Syd.

"Well, yes, Mrs. Greyson," said Godfrey Lester, laughing, "I believe your daughter did mistake me for a fish." Here he bowed to grandma, who had advanced from her corner. "I assure you she found me a troublesome one, and had hard work to get me off her hook."

"How do you do, Mr. Fish?" said grandma, very politely.

She was a little deaf, and had not got the run of the story. Poor Syd, in spite of her patience, was boiling over with suppressed laughter, and Tom stood on his head in the hall.

Mrs. Greyson bustled around, bringing lint, ointment and bandages, to bind up the wound, while Belle scolded Syd in an undertone.

"That Mr. Fish seems to be a very fine young man," said grandma, at supper, after Mr. Lester had departed. "But I didn't quite understand how he came to hurt his hand so."

Syd bit her lips; Tom choked, and both were sent from the table in disgrace.

Mr. Lester came every day for a renewal of the ointment. He might have taken some with him, and thus saved so many journeys, but he never seemed to think of that.

After a little, a great change came over Miss Sydney Greyson.

"Syd's getting too poky for anything," said Tom. "She won't fish or shoot, and she says things are 'very nice' instead of 'jolly.'"

"What a little lady Sydney is getting to be!" said her mother.

"It's high time!" from grandma.

"I know why," said Belle the sentimental, "Syd is in love!"

"Ah!" said grandma; "with Mr. Fish?"

For grandma would persist in calling Godfrey Lester Mr. Fish, to Syd's deep disgust and to Master Tom's infinite delight.

Long after the lacerated hand recovered, Mr. Lester continued his visits, probably because he had got into the habit of going to the Greysons', and habits are notorious tyrants. Syd suddenly took a contrary fit, indulged in freaks unaccountable, and was wilder than ever. Mr. Lester seemed to like her none the less for this. I think he understood it. Don't you?

One night, at a party, Syd was enjoying herself hugely in her own way; that was, horrifying a group of interested listeners with accounts of her many escapades. To shock the dainty bells and effeminate dandies by her bold disclosures, delighted the wicked little creature.

She did not look like a hoyden, in her fleecy white dress, looped with purple pansies, and pansies just the color of her eyes in her bright hair.

"You look like an angel, Syd, dear," Belle had said. "Be one to-night and let Mr. Lester see you that you can be a lady."

This was well meant, but mistaken advice, and had the effect, of course, of making Syd to resolve to behave her very worst. And she kept her word.

"I really think I have been too angelic for anything this summer. It worries me to think of it. I fear I shall die young like the story-book seraphs, for I'm getting quite heavenly. Just think! I've been fishing only once this season. But that time I caught such a large fish—enormous! In fact—"

"Did you take him home, Sydney?" asked Bessie Grant.

"Of course I did!" replied Syd. "And—Mrs. Greyson doctored him up, and now he's entirely recovered."

And then Syd went on to tell how many birds she had "bagged" in yesterday's sport, and how she had drowned six kittens that morning.

"Oh! how could you, Syd?" cried Bessie.

"Because Tom wouldn't. Boys are too tender-hearted for that sort of thing," in a most matter-of-fact tone.

This was bad enough, but she went on from bad to worse, saying the most extraordinary things in the quickest, most lady-like way, and in the sweetest of voices.

"I've finished the business now," she said to herself, as she took down her hair that night. "I did my worst, and he's doubtless so disgusted that he 'll never want to see me again. I don't care!"

But she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Lester called, and found Syd alone in the little parlor. She was pale, but greeted him very composedly.

"This is a farewell visit, Miss Sydney; the last, probably, of many pleasant ones. My business calls me back, and I leave this afternoon."

Syd's voice was very cool, but she dropped her work and stooped to regain it.

Godfrey bent also, and as both rose, he looked straight into her face.

"Your eyes are full of tears, Syd darling! Why, what's the matter?"

"My great grandfather is dead!" said Syd, in a doleful tone.

* * * * * * *

Two years afterward, a gentleman and lady were strolling along the Danube, where a number of sturdy little peasant lads were engaged with hook and line.

"Look at those little chaps, Mrs. Lester! Don't you envy them? Wouldn't you like to try it again yourself?"

"No, indeed, Godfrey!" laughed Syd, prettier than ever, and quite as saucy. "My last exploit in that line cured me entirely and forever of my mania for fishing."

"Why so, Mrs. Lester? Were you disappointed in the fish you caught on that occasion? Are you dissatisfied with me, dear?"

I shall not tell you what Syd said; but I should say—judging from the tender light in her violet eyes, and the rapturous expression on the face of her "fish" at her answer—that she was not dissatisfied.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal of Venice, there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related:—

"About the year 1600 one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty; when turned it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony he fainted, and was carried to his house, amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not devise the cause of this strange illness; and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths—which appeared almost miraculous—occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangreened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her it had become odious (as though she had a presumption of his guilt), and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance—taught by the past—wasted no time in conjecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of a lady. The State inquisition used every means to discover the hand who dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. The house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

Good Advice from a Humorist.

To young men Bob Burdette says:—

"You take a basin of water, place your finger in it for twenty-five or thirty seconds, take it out and look at the hole that is left. The size of that hole represents about the impression that advice makes on a young man's mind.

"Don't depend too much on your family—the dead part I mean. The world wants live men; it has no use for dead ones. Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back in a direct line to William the Conqueror. If you cannot get further back than your father you are better off. Your father was a better man in his time than old William. He had better clothes to wear, better food to eat, and was better housed.

"If you are a diamond, be sure that you will be found. Cheek, brass, or gall, never gets ahead of merit.

"I love a young man who is straightforward. Ask for what you want. If you want to marry a rich man's daughter or borrow $500 from him, ask him for it; it amounts to the same thing in the end. It is always better to astonish a man than to bore him.

"Remember that in the morning of life come the hard-working days. Hard work never killed a man. It's fun, recreation, relaxation, holidays, that kill. The fun that results in a head that next morning so big that a tub could hardly cover it is what kills. Hard work never does.

"Those who come after us have to work just as hard as we do. When I shovel the snow off my sidewalk, if, perchance, I take a three-quarter piece off my neighbor's walk, I put it back, because if I didn't I should be doing him an injustice.

"You can't afford to do anything but what is good. You are on dress parade all the time.

"Don't be afraid of pounding persistently at one thing. Don't be afraid of being called a one-idea man or a crank. If you have one idea, you have one more than most men have. It takes a smart man to be a crank."

The Vision and Hearing of Fish.

But little has been written on the development of vision and hearing in fish, and that little has been theory rather than deduction from actual experiment. My own experiments, (says H. P. Wells in "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle.") as to the effect that sound produces on trout (and I assume that all fishes are more or less alike in this respect) have been confined to this: Frequently when unable to observe a trout while myself unseen I have screamed and shouted at the top of my voice. These demonstrations have invariably been without the slightest effect; but when varied by a concussion which would communicate itself to the water this has no longer been the case, and evidence of alarm, or at lease that the concussion was felt, had been apparent. In an English work, the name of which I in vain endeavor to recall, an amount of some very interesting and more decisive experiments are given. The writer caused a building to be erected over the water, and made his observations through small apertures constructed for the purpose, so that he was quite concealed. His trout were well accustomed to the wiles of the angler and timid. Sending a man out of sight behind the building, the firing of a gun by him produced not the slightest effect on the trout, who rose freely during the experiment to flies blown toward them through a tube. I am, therefore, convinced that no sound is injurious which does not communicate its vibration to the water. But concussion upon the side or bottom of a boat, or jumping from rock to rock, or blows upon a hard bottom with the wading staff or with hob-nailed shoes, I think are so invaded through and by the water as to be some measure perceptible to the fish and alarm them. That fish possess the sense of hearing their anatomical structure goes far to prove, while that they are not insensible to sounds produced in the air, must be admitted unless the doubter is prepared to call in question the numerous accounts by alleged eye witnesses of their coming to be fed at the sound of a bell, &c. This I, for one, hesitate to do, notwithstanding I have never been able to make a sound in the air which seemed to produce the slightest effect on trout in water, to which fish my experiments have been confined. It may, however, well be that the sound was perceived, while the fish were so habituated to the roar of the waterfall and similar noises, without any ill-consequences ensuing, that sound alone was not regarded by them as an indication of danger.

HOME LOVE.

Home love is the best love. The love that you were born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape from the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you in your turn should become a wife and mother, and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover, not a husband—will ever be so tender or so true as your mother or your father. Never again, strangers having broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, protected, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you may marry, true and good, though he may be, after the love days are over, and the honey-moon has waned, will give you only what you deserve of love and sympathy—and usually much less; never more. You must watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which came in through the eyes, because the one who looked thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so better to them always than others.—*Church and Home.*

Mind Little Things.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle is but a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this and mind the little things. Pay that little debt. If it is a promise, redeem it; you know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

Just a Hint to Boys.

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will, he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.—*New London Day.*

Some person has calculated that to manufacture the 950,000 tons of paper annually required for the supply of the world, 430 days medium flow of water down the river Thames would be needed.

Silver Springs, Pa.

Miss Georgie Stevenson wishes to add more news about the picnic which was held at Lititz, July 11th last.

There were forty mutes in attendance at the picnic; 17 from Reading, 15 from Lancaster, 3 from Harrisburg, 2 from Philadelphia, 1 from Maryland, 1 from Scranton, 2 from Columbia.

Miss "Violet" omitted to send the following mute names:—Mrs. and Miss Bowers, of Silver Springs, Pa.; Mrs. R. Z. Stevenson and grandchild Edna, of Philadelphia; Miss Fratt, of Norristown, Pa.; Miss Evans, Houck and Bauchampe, of Reading; Misses Geiger and Stevenson, of Lancaster; Messrs. Martin K. and John K. Denlinger, of Fertility; Jacob Sterline, of Columbia; Henry Kulp, of Manheim.

At four o'clock P.M. the Reading mutes departed for their homes, and three hours later the Lancaster picnic dispersed.

Messrs. Denlingers took two young ladies in their cosey buggies to Lancaster, who enjoyed the long ride of eight miles from Lititz to Lancaster. They rendered much gratitude to the hospitable gentlemen of Fertility.

Mr. John K. Denlinger invited Mr. H. Stewart Stephenson to stay over night at his house. Mr. S. was delighted with the moonlight ride.

Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer brought their little darling of four months old in a new stylish baby carriage with them.

On the 25th of July the Misses Denlingers invited Mrs. Witmeyer, Mrs. Stevenson and Georgie S. to stay over night, and on Sunday, the 26th, all went to the Mennonite Church, of which the Misses D. are members, to see eleven persons baptized. It was very interesting to see the baptism by the Mennointe rites.

Georgie S. stayed a week, sewing for Mrs. Metzler, a sister of Mrs. D. She enjoyed the change of air in the country.

During her stay on Sunday, her brother, H. Stewart Stevenson, came to Lancaster. He and Mr. Witmeyer hired a carriage and drove his mother and Mrs. Witmeyer to surprise her and Mrs. D. It was a good surprise though it was a rainy afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Musser and children were surprised to see them too, as they were visiting Misses D. Later in the afternoon, they left to visit Mr. Martin K. Denlinger, who lives two miles and a half from the Misses D.

Mrs. Witmeyer, Mrs. Stevenson and Georgie are boarding a week with Mrs. Bowers. They will leave for Manheim to visit an uneducated lady, and then go to Oregon to see Miss Maria L. Hess, and afterwards to Hinkletown to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Musser.

Last July, the 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Freidenrich, Mrs. Wm. Bentz, of New York, paid a visit to Lancaster, and were guests of Mrs. Witmeyer for two days.

Mr. John K. Denlinger went to Reading and returned on the evening of July 4th. Mrs. Witmeyer, Georgie Stevenson, Delilah Geiger and the York visitors, went to the depot to meet him. He and his brother Martin invited us to have some ice cream.

Lowell.

Since the day of Grant's funeral, it has been scarcely eventful, so that I fear there will not be any news of importance, but in order to keep me on corresponding regularly, I take the liberty to write a short description of the Merrimac River.

Whoever may happen to go to the North such as White Mountains, Montreal, etc., in the summer, would be advised to take the Boston and Lowell Railroad, for it gives better views than any other road, running to those places from Boston. Long trains of drawing, sleeping, and dining cars, a mostly full of passengers, drawn by powerful and large wheeled locomotives with bright red trimmings, are seen running through this city to the North twice a day. The passengers, upon leaving the city for the North, will find the Noble Merrimac River running along the side of the railroad, where the ever-changing views opened up by its winding course are a continual source of pleasure. For nearly fifty miles, from this city to Concord, N. H., the railroad continues along the banks of the charming and industrious streams which drain central New England.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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IT is a well known fact that with deaf-mutes, the acquirement of a moderate degree of proficiency in articulation and lip-reading in the English language is a very difficult task. In the Italian language, the least difficulty is encountered, as every vowel has a sound, and the grammatical construction is such that an idea is expressed in almost the same order that the mind conceives it. Prof. A. Melville Bell, the inventor of the system of visible speech, makes the following comment and suggestion, considering merely the case of the ordinary child that hears and speaks. "The alphabet that expresses the speech of America, England, France, Italy, and Spain, is a wonderfully imperfect instrument; but it is more imperfect in relation to the sounds for which it is used in America and England than in the other countries. Common sense revolts at the unnecessary difficulties imposed on the young by those who have got over the difficulties for themselves; for it must be acknowledged that the efforts of spelling-reformers have been resisted on no better ground than that of conservation of error and defect because established. Orthography has been considerably modified for local uses in Spain, and, to a more limited extent, in France. To the English-speaking races remains the task of effecting greater modifications to remove not only local, but international difficulties. For this purpose the alphabet itself must be reformed."

THE Gallaudet Statue monument now and again receives a new impetus from the example and encouragement of prominent deaf-mutes, but we doubt if any more inspiring precept or more worthy example than that of Mr. C. R. Thompson can be given. The question of "advice *versus* cash" has been solved in short order by the donation of a little of both. Mr. Froehlich is willing to take the cash from any cheerful giver, and recommend them to donate all the advice to the JOURNAL. But in the present case, the public is not inflicted with empty words, and the patience of the editor is not tired by a copious supply of garrulity. Mr. Thomson is, in a modest way, an imitator of General Grant—he has the knack of remaining silent when he has nothing to say, and when duty prompts him to say something, says it in language that will admit of no double meaning.

WHEN the next issue of the JOURNAL appears, the final scenes of the Albany Convention will be in progress. The JOURNAL will publish a complete account of the proceedings, as well as a report of the entertainments and the religious services. A large assemblage is looked for at Geological Hall, at nine o'clock on Wednesday next. Our prediction that this convention would surpass in every way, any of the preceding conventions, is in a fair way to be realized. Almost every mute one meets expresses his intention to be there. With the united effort of those who attend, a meeting fruitful of good and great results will surely result.

MR. EDGAR S. WERNER, publisher of the *Voice*, is preparing a directory of singers, elocutionists, public readers and instrumentalists, and would be glad to have the name and address of any individual identified with any of the above professions. His address is 48 University Place, New York.

A REUNION of graduates of the Ohio Institution, takes place at Columbus, O., next week. We hope some one will send an account of it to the JOURNAL.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Charles Kerney has secured a clerkship in the Agricultural Department at Washington.

This week, Mrs. John A. Dunlap leaves Brooklyn to spend the summer in Croton Landing, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet were the guests of Miss S. Howard last week, at her mountain home in St. Cloud.

Charles Vetterlein would like to meet Charles Shattuck at the Empire State Convention in Albany next week.

Miss Maggie Barry, of Canandaigua, N. Y., is expected to come to Watkins to visit her sister, Mrs. Dougherty, soon.

Mr. J. E. Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., thinks of going to Lackawanna, Pa., to visit his folks some time this fall.

Miss M. L. Carton, of Croton Landing, N. Y., returned home last week after two weeks' pleasant visit to Mrs. Dunlap, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Annie Woodall will go on a visit to W. McCullough or Sarah J. McClure, next Sunday, in Wilmington, Del., and will stay a week or two.

On the afternoon of Aug. 8th., Messrs. Klingman and Andrews took a boat to row to Painted Rock, two miles from Watkins, N. Y. They enjoyed the pleasant sail over the lake.

Mrs. J. E. Andrews returned home to Watkins, N. Y., in good spirits, from a visit to the Reading Centre friends. Mr. Andrews talks of moving to Cayuta, for the purpose of raising poultry this fall.

Mr. Joseph Daniels is at the residence of Mr. John L. Frisbee, a Naval draughtsman in this district during the month of August. His law office is at 1339 Penn. Avenue, Washington, D. C.—*The Charlestown News.*

Mr. Wm. Hederick, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been the guest of his relatives in Freedom, Beaver, Co., Pa., recently made a short call in Andrew Huth in Beaver, Pa., where he is working in the *Argus* printing office.

Messrs. Patrick McDonnell, Daniel Paul, Charles Sharrar and George Slifer were in Wilmington, Del., recently, and called on Joseph W. McCullough, who was away visiting Miss Annie E. Woodall, in Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, of New York City, have been visiting Messrs. S. A. Taber and C. Caddeback and some other mute friends for a few weeks, and are going to visit Messrs. J. R. Pimm, E. C. Benedict and other friends before they return home.

Charlie W. Fox, a semi-mute, of New Waverly, Ind., will arrive at Indianapolis on the 22d, of August, and will work in one of the bakeries on Virginia Avenue. His many mute friends will be glad to meet him once more and have him in their circle.

"Imperator" thinks seriously of starting next winter for Indiana to see his brothers, and perhaps, then going to Chicago to meet some of his old fellow students, if nothing unforeseen happens to himself. And he expects to take part in the annual grand levee of the famous Pas-a-Pas Club of that city.

Recently a certain mute lady, whose name has escaped your Irwinite scribe's memory, made money fast by selling alphabetical cards, valued at ten cents, when she made her debut in Irwin. The writer accidentally fell in with her, and gave her the cold shoulder. She was driven out of town. She is supposed to belong to the Davis gang.

Mr. Albert W. Chapman, of Keene, N. H., is visiting his folks in Cambridgeport. On the 12th inst., he pleasantly surprised Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Wise. He gave them an interesting incident of the shooting of the vicious elephant "Albert," belonging to the Barnum Show, which he witnessed. He will return to Keene about the 25th inst.

A deaf and dumb disorderly, George Lee, better known as "Deafy" Lee, was arrested last night in Alleghany City, for stealing a flatboat. Lee is deaf and dumb, and when under the influence of liquor is considered a desperate character. The flatboat belonged to a stonemason, and was moored near Morris' coal yard at the foot of Western avenue.—*Pittsburg Post.*

On August 3d, F. Klingman, of New York City, arrived in Watkins, N. Y., at noon, from Geneva, where he stopped at Franklin House over Sunday. Then he took the morning boat to Watkins. He is rusticating at the house of John E. Dougherty for a short time. I think the country air will agree with his health. He has long been in poor health.

Rev. Job Turner is contemplating taking a trip to the North during the month of October, ostensibly for the purpose of strengthening his constitution by breathing the autumnal air and cool weather. He has been laboring under many hot suns. He will take advantage of his journey to visit his relatives and Mr. Thomas Brown, the deaf and dumb sage of West Henniker, N. H., out of respect to him. He is thinking of extending his visit to Montreal Canada.

From Lowell.

At a place on the banks of the Merrimac River, is the home of the famous and venerable poet. Mr. John W. Whittier, who has often sung one of his favorite songs as follows:

"And thou, O mountain-born!—no more
We ask the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty."

The river is noted not only for its beauty, but for itseverlasting furnishing the necessaries of life for which we should feel thankful to the Creator, though I do not mean it directly. The river furnishes the mills the water power, the mills furnish the labor, which provides money, and the money buys bread, shelter and clothing. Therefore, the river furnishes the necessities of life indirectly. It also laid the foundation of hundreds of mills along, from its source to the mouth, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles.

CLIPPINGS.

Mr. James Nelson is considered the hardest worker, notwithstanding accidents, which may occur to him at any moment in his place. He is a picker in a cotton mill.

Mr. I. N. Soper, of New York, is expected here this week.

Messrs. Rowe, Mayberry and Wright, went to Nashua last Sunday, for the purpose of preparing to go to the Maine Convention.

Mrs. Wright and her daughter, Clare, are visiting their relatives in Pawtucket, R. I., for about two weeks, or until the Maine Convention comes.

Miss French, in charge of Miss Lafferty, is now rehearsing on a declamation of a poem to be done at the Maine Convention. What has the Maine Convention to do with the outsiders?

HUBBIE.

Aug. 17, '85.

Connecticut.

Miss E. Green is in Cape Cod, Mass.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and get the deaf-mute news.

G. A. Simpson was in Block Island, R. I., last week, and has returned here. He is looking and feeling well.

Last Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Prof. Weeks went on an excursion for Nantasket Beach, Mass.

The gardens of the Institution are looking splendid.

Miss J. Lorinda Pratt, a former resident, is visiting friends in Essex, Ct. She is at present residing with her brother, Mr. Amasa Pratt, in Columbus, Ohio, who is superintendent of the deaf and dumb Institution at that place.

Mrs. John W. Pratt, *nee* Miss Gray, of Middletown, Ct., returns from Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday. She will have been away from home three weeks.

Miss Mary Woods visited friends in New York. She viewed the Grant funeral procession as it passed through Broadway two weeks ago.

We have seen the remark that there are about 470 windows on the Hartford Institution. They are — play house, 27; three shops, 95, and the school 346. How many windows has the next Institution (New York)?

Miss Maggie Gunnsahon, of this city, is engaged in learning the dress making business on Broad Street.

"Charter Oak," intends to go to Boston, Mass., next Saturday.

CHESTER OAK.

HARTFORD, CT., Aug. 17, '85.

Maine Convention.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mutes Mission will be held at Waterville, Me., on Saturday and Sunday, August 29th and 30th, at Rev. E. N. Smith's chapel. There will be a session on the 29th (Saturday afternoon), at two o'clock. After the reports of the officers of the mission will be read, some business will take up a part of the session, and the election of officers will then take place. It is expected that some distinguished gentlemen, who may be present, will be invited to make short addresses in either afternoon or evening of Saturday. After this, there will be a social gathering. In the afternoon and evening of Sunday, there will be divine services for deaf-mutes. Prof. Job Williams, of Hartford, Conn., will take one of the Sabbath services and act as interpreter for the benefit of hearing persons who may be present.

Prof. T. L. Brown has accepted the invitation to go to Waterville, with his aged father, of N. H., and will officiate at a sign-service in the Sunday forenoon.

Arrangements have been made with the company of the Maine Central Railroad to sell the round trip tickets to mutes, who attend the meeting, and tickets may be sold on the 28th and 29th, made good for a return until August 31st. The mutes must ask for "round trip tickets" for the Deaf-Mute Convention. The company of the steamer "Star of the East" will take a company of mutes from Boston to Augusta, Me., at reduced rates and return. Deaf-Mutes from other states will be cordially welcomed.

GEO. W. WAKEFIELD,
President of the Mission.

The Granite State Mission.

Peterborough, N. H., is chosen as a place for the seventh local Convention of the "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission," on the 10th and 11th of October next.

Peterborough is one of the prettiest and most attractive villages in the state, and has a spacious first class hotel with an adjoining ample hall, free of charge; very reasonable board. Adjacent is a venerable church, where the three Sisters Morrison were members.

The depot is in the center of the village, a few minutes' walk to the Hotel. Trains come from Concord, Keene and Winchendon, Mass., and Boston.

The further particulars will be published in the JOURNAL, and probably in circulars.

THOMAS BROWN,
President.

W. HENNIKER, Aug. 14, '85.

THE CONVENTION.

To be Held at Albany, N. Y.

AUGUST 26, 27 AND 28.

In Geological Hall.

ORATION BY THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, B.A.

Papers to Be Read by William G. Jones, B.A., And Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Excursion to Saratoga.

HOTEL RATES.

The Tenth Biennial Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will be held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 26th, 27th and 28th, in Geological Hall, Albany, N. Y.

The use of Geological Hall (State Street, corner of Lodge Street) has been granted, free of charge, by the Superintendent of Public Buildings, through the kind assistance of Hon. J. O. Fanning, who has also proffered the use of his office in the State Hall for Committee meetings.

AUGUST 26.

It is expected that His Excellency Governor Hill will open the Convention and address a few words of welcome to the members. Hon. Erastus Brooks has promised to be present and make a few remarks. Rev. Thomas Gallandet, D.D., of New York City, will act as interpreter.

Other distingnished gentlemen who may be present will be invited to make short addresses.

Then will follow the address of the President, Mr. J. J. Siegmann, of Utica, N. Y.

After this, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer will be read. In the afternoon the orator of the day, Thomas Francis Fox, B.A., will deliver his oration in the sign-language. It will also be interpreted orally, for the benefit of hearing persons who may be present.

AUGUST 27.

The morning session will be occupied by papers of a miscellaneous character, which will be discussed by the members present. It is expected that this business will take up a part of the afternoon session.

William George Jones, B.A., of New York, and Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich, of New York, will read special papers referring to the deaf and dumb.

The election of officers will then take place.

AUGUST 28.

An excursion to Saratoga has been arranged. All members who wish to spend the day at that famous summer resort, can procure tickets for half-price ($1.20 for round trip) by applying to the Secretary of the Association.

HOTEL RATES.

	Regular Rate.	Special rate.
*Delavan,	$4 00 per day	$3 00 per day.
Stanwix Hall,	3 00 "	2 50 "
American House	2 00 "	2 00 "

*If 100 persons, or over, stop at the Delavan, that hotel will charge only $2.25 a day.

All of these hotels are near Geological Hall. The Delavan is four blocks from the Hall, Stanwix Hall is three blocks from the Hall, and the American House is one block from the Hall.

It is hoped that all the deaf-mutes will avail themselves of the opportunity to be present. Deaf-mutes from other States will be cordially welcomed. Any deaf-mute can become a member, but only residents of the States of New York and New Jersey are eligible to hold office.

Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Principal of the New York Institution, Rev. Thomas Gallandet, D.D., Prof. Enoch Henry Currier, and other distinguished gentlemen, have signified their intention to be present.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a religious service on August 27th, at 11 o'clock A.M., in St. Paul's Church, Lancaster Street.

By order of the President.

E. A. HODGSON,
Secretary.

Letter from Ohio.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY—A GREEN PRINTER—DUNDON'S FAME—PERSONAL POINTS—CHAFF.

Many readers of the JOURNAL will remember the article appeared in this paper some two weeks ago, against the Indiana Institution. It was from the pen of Charles Kerney, who wrote it for one of his Indiana papers. Well, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of last Wednesday morning contained several telegrams from Indianapolis, two of them being about the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Asylums. It spoke of the mismanagement made by both school authorities. One of them, about our brother Institution, ran as follows:—

"There is also a breeze among the subordinates at the Deaf and Deaf Asylum, and the Superintendent is credited with having made several dismissals for insubordination."

A MYSTERY.

There is a sensation among the silent people in this town over the mysterious appearance of four persons—three gentlemen and one lady, all claiming to be deaf and dumb—at the residence of Miss Mary Schreck's parents on Bruen Street, a couple of weeks ago. Mary is a deaf and dumb girl, full grown, and was honorably discharged from the Ohio School some six years ago. Your reporter gathered the following account: "The other night, at about ten o'clock, two gentlemen, who were well dressed, entered a saloon, owned and managed by Mary's brother, and ordered drinks. They then talked by the silent method, and also talked with the brother by the use of one hand. They remained there about an hour. They asked him (Mary's brother) if they could see Mary, but, on the reply she was asleep, they then went out. The next night the same gentleman, accompanied by a nice-looking lady, with a baby-carriage, went to the residence of Mary's parents, and knocked the door. Soon the door was thrown open, the father was in the door, and the gentleman asked him if he could, with his lady, see Mary. But to his disappointment Mary was again asleep. It was the same time as he visited the saloon on the previous night. An effort was made to find out the names of these mysterious visitors, but all in vain. Nearly every local mute believes that they were frauds. But the Schreck father and brother believed that the visitors were mutes, as they talked very well, just like you see two mutes talking with the hands."

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

About fifteen silent souls of this town tendered a surprise party to Miss Winnie M. Lytle's mother, on Sixth Street, last Saturday evening, it being the birthday anniversary of the latter. She was the happy recipient of a number of handsome presents. Dancing and several games were the chief enjoyment until an early hour. An excellent supper was served at midnight. The following were donors of presents: Winnie M. Lytle, the originator of the party, Ella B. Morgan, Ettie Hamrick, Alice Hughes, Miss Bimm, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Bimm, Mr. and Mrs. Shep. Taylor. Messrs. Joe Himelspaugh, Fred Weltz, "Slugger" Slack, and "Ohio." Joe and Edward were the princes of the occasion. They all went home happy.

A GREEN PRINTER.

About the printer's experience, I'll try to relate all I can. Every mute, who is progressing in his trade at school, thinks he can, after leaving school with honors, obtain a first-class case on a large daily paper. That is a great grave mistake. I have been working on the daily papers one year and a half, and about three years on books and weeklies. I have a great experience between the weeklies, books and dailies. Every printer, who works on the dailies, has to spell the words out, to punctuate and do everything. I will tell a story of a green printer, who tried one night's job on our daily paper. I will have to omit his name. He learned the printing trade at the Ohio School about five years ago, and left school one year ago. Then he worked on several country weeklies, and he seemed to understand all the ways of the country papers. He then, with his ability and hope, hied to Dayton, and at once went to our daily paper office. He was glad to see me, indeed. He then asked me if I could help him to get a place in that office. But just as he asked me about the work, one of my fellow compositors wanted to lay off, so he put that alleged typo on the case. After five hours of labor a galley was ordered to be pressed for a proof. As soon as the proof was brought up to him, his face was as white as snow. The proof was found to be totally blackened, so that a compositor of twenty years' experience on the New York *Herald* could not correct that galley. Our foreman was sickened at it, and ordered the green printer to get off from work. He went home to Delaware County, both sad and wise.

PERSONAL POINTS AND CHAFF.

Joe Himelspaugh is always lively.

Miss Hallie Holland, of New Alexandria, this county, an ex-belle from the Ohio School, is in this city, the guest of her aunt on Ludlow Street.

A mute soap-peddler, named Hess, was peddling in this vicinity last week.

Miss Anna Ross, of Indianapolis, was here visiting her cousin a short time ago.

John Breen, a pupil of the Philadelphia School, has been or is visiting his cousin in this town. "Ohio" learned the fact through some of his friends, who had a conversation with John.

Jim Smith, of the *Democrat* office, is always serious.

The ruddy glow in the Western skies last week, just after sunset, made that part of the world look as if it were being lighted up by a first-class conflagration.

For the benefit of "Hub," of Boston, Master Ulysses Grant Miller is doing well at his new home with his parents in Kansas, according to the correspondent from Vandalia (his former home), who heard about the Miller folks, and wrote to our local paper.

"Hub" also reported that Prof. Atwood did not attend the Boston picnic to the disappointment of his friends. I wonder if he (Prof.) had no "neck-tie" at that time.

About Dundon, his fame is getting well known in the base ball circles in the United States. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* of the 9th inst., speaks of him as follows: "Dundon, the mute, is doing the best pitching in the Southern League." The Columbus (Ga.) correspondent writes to the recent *Cincinnati Sporting and Dramatic Journal*, as follows: "Dundon, the mute, is the best pitcher Atlanta has; besides he makes a good left-fielder." OHIO.

DAYTON, O., Aug. 14, '85.

Baltimore.

"Anti-Rep" thinks it will be unnecessary for himself to give full particulars regarding the picnic matter, as it is said that the chairman would do the job, but I will end by saying the whole was a successful affair.

Mr. Ed. Wilson, with Mr. Stevenson, were the only Philadelphians that could be seen in the group. Mr. Wilson was the guest of the Secretary of the Peabody Literary Association. He was shown the principal streets, the City Hall, the Custom House, all the Parks, the river, and many other interesting things, which may impress upon the eye, including our fire department service. Left for his home Saturday, 11:30 P.M., and expressed himself highly pleased.

Mr. A. T. Kaoechel accompanied Mr. Wilson in the train for a trip to Atlantic City for all Sunday, the round trip being only $2. Mr. Anderson also purchased a ticket, but at this hour of writing, whether he went or not is not known.

Enclosed is a clipping from the *News* of this city:

Wm. D. Bitzer, the deaf-mute charged with the larceny of a horse valued at $250 from James W. Lyon, of Pikesville, was arraigned before Justice Cashmyer this. Bitzer was examined by the magistrate by the agency of written questions. His story was that he had bought the horse from a Mr. Wm. M. Bowers, who denied having sold the animal. The latter, who formerly resided in Baltimore county, remembered having seen Bitzer at Pikesville, but the deaf-mute shook his head when asked if Mr. Bowers was the party from whom he had bought the horse. Mr. Lyon missed the horse on August 4th and notified the police authorities almost immediately afterwards. Detective Barranger had, however, in the meantime noticed Bitzer leading the horse through the streets. The latter placed the horse for sale at Parlett's on Calvert street, and it was sold for $75 to a man named Seibert, who deals in horses, Bitzer receiving $67.50, which was ten per cent. less, or the amount of the commission on the sale. The horse was then sold to a farmer in Kent county where it was recovered by the detectives. The trader, who bought the horse for $75 recovered about $50 in cash, which was found in Bitzer's possession.

Justice Cashmyer sent the case to the Baltimore county authorities.

My dear "Little Rep," Keep encouraged and scribble to the JOURNAL. We would to be pleased to have tidings oftener, as the regular correspondent, "Mr. Spy," has not put in his appearance for three weeks Although I am "Anti," you know, I am not your enemy, so let the South and North shake hands.

On Friday night Mr. Wilson, accompanied by "Anti-Rep," has made a thorough investigation of the *Sun* building and took up with him as a souvenir a patent Edison lighter, presented to him by one of the operators on that battery which lights the whole building.

Mr. A. C. Buxton was suddenly called to his home in Laurel, Md., owing to the illness of his parents from this city yesterday. Should they be in a favorable condition before next week, he may attend the Albany Convention.

At a special meeting of the P. L. A., Mr. Edward Ramsay was admitted to its membership, and the misfortune, which befell him, seems to have departed.

The election of new officers to the club will occur next week.

The club's vacation is drawing to a close, and in three or four weeks will throw open its door for regular business meetings and exercises.

We have learned with great sorrow of the death of Miss Levering's father. All join in sending their sympathy.

Mr. G. A. Gallion, Mr. Plowman, Mr. H. O. Palmer and Mr. Hays, of Harford County, Md., were seen in this city, and all departed for their respective homes yesterday.

"Jim Jams," how many times have I asked you regarding the Hon. Edw. Bettle matter? Will it ever be answered?

Messrs. Dennis, Adams, Roberts, and some others from Washington, were noticed roaming amongst the picnickers, Thursday last week. We are always pleased to have strangers, and do our best to entertain them with all the hospitality the Monumental City affords.

Always much success and properity to our paper.

I remain, yours truly,

ANTI-REP.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL represents the 38,000 deaf-mutes of the United States. Subscribe for it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THE tomb of General Grant is visited by thousands of people daily.

EDGAR A. APGAR, Deputy State Treasurer of New York, died on Tuesday night.

AN epidemic of small pox is prevailing in Montreal, Canada. Sir Francis Hyncks, one of the prominent figures in Canadian politics, has died of the disease.

MAXWELL, the supposed murderer of Arthur Preller, has been brought back to St. Louis. A vast crowd met the party having him in custody, and for a time lynching was feared.

OWING to the extraordinary expenses incurred in the late war, the government of Guatemela has suspended the payment of interest on the foreign and interior debt for one year, commencing August 1, in order to pay off all arrears in the army and civil service accounts.

ON Monday, a mysterious and terrific explosion occurred on the excursion steamboat Samuel M. Felton just after she left her wharf at Philadelphia. She had on board a large number of passengers, several of whom were injured. It is believed that the disaster was caused by dynamite or some other powerful explosive placed on board for the purpose.

INFORMATION has been received at Cairo that a civil war has broken out at Khartoum, that the Treasury has been sacked, and that the Mahdi's successor and other officials have been killed. Osman Digna has forsaken his followers and fled to Kordofan. The result is that many sheiks are going into Suakim and offering submission to the British commandor.

THE reports of cholera for the twenty-four hours ending August 18th, from throughout Spain, show 4,830 new cases and 1,718 deaths. The hot weather now prevailing in Marseilles, France, is the most intense that has been experienced in two years. Henri Campona, a godson of the Comte de Chambord, is dead. The epidemic is spreading in the suburban villages. A whole family has died of cholera at St. Loup.

A CATTLE disease, alleged to be Spanish or Texan fever, has developed at Bloomington, Ill., and is creating considerable excitement among stockmen. Two weeks ago Michael Brothers, large cattle men near that city, shipped sixty-one stock cattle from Hutchinson, Kansas. When they arrived they appeared to be in perfect health. On Friday last the cattle showed signs of being sick, and already fifteen are dead and twelve more are down with the disease. When it was learned they were sick fifteen were shipped to Indianapolis. Veterinary surgeons say it is genuine Spanish or Texan fever. The Cattle Commissioner has been notified.

One of the most horrible cases of suffering on record is reported from McKeen, Ill. On August 6th, Davie Black, aged eleven, was thrown from a horse, and his arm broken in two places. An unskilful physician set the arm, leaving one of the bones protruding through the flesh. Mortification set in, and soon spread to the shoulders and body. The mortified arm was left exposed by some means, and last Wednesday worms began working at the flesh of the living boy. After suffering the most dreadful agonies for five days, and having his arm nearly eaten away by the worms, the sufferer died Sunday night, and the remains were buried at once. The surgeon has been warned to leave the country.

THE School for Boys to be erected as a memorial to the late "Chinese" Gordon, will have for its purpose the education of poor and orphaned boys. The boys will enter at ages varying from fourteen to sixteen, and will remain till they reach eighteen. They will be elected by the committee and not by the votes of subscribers, the only conditions essential to any candidate's eligibility being freedom from physical infirmity, such as would disqualify him for an active career, genuine poverty and destitution, and proof that he has not been convicted of crime. Besides the military training and discipline to which the whole school will be subject, instruction will be given in different trades, etc., so that when a boy leaves the institution he may elect to enter any of several lines of life for which his training has qualified him, free option being left to him in this respect.

THE torpedo invented by Captain Howell, United States Navy, has been experimented with under the observation of officers of the torpedo station this week, and the result has just been made known. The torpedo is similar to the Whitehall invention, except in propelling power. The cost of the latter is nealy $3,000, but Howell hopes ultimately to bring his instrument to perfection at an average cost of $300. The two propellers are driven by a heavy fly wheel, to which great velocity is imparted by the engines on the steam launch, which is a necessary part of the affair. The torpedo, with its whirling wheels, is dropped overboard, pointed toward the mark, in the direction of which it shoots straight as an arrow, deviation in any direction being prevented by rudders governed by pendulums, which tip with any deviation from a straight line and correct the variation by turning the rudder. The experiments last week were witnessed by Commander Converse, acting on behalf of the terpedo station. He was on the steamer Nina. The experiments were to give facts regarding the working of the mechanism. To the chagrin of the inventor and observers, the torpedoes almost instantly disappeared as soon as they had touched water, going completely out of sight.

SECRETARY MCCORMICK, of the State Board of Health, returned from a tour among the diseased cattle of Kentucky. In an interview he said:—"The disease is confined entirely to a small district in Harrison county, where it has existed for more than a year; but it is so severe and has gained such a foothold that unless the efforts now being made to control it are successful the entire cattle interest of the State will be in serious danger. In consequence of its existence there, even to a limited extent, most of the Western States and Territories have quarantined against all Kentucky cattle, and as these States constitute the principal markets for our high bred stock, that branch of trade is nearly at a standstill. The disease is pleuro-pneumonia and is a highly contagious lung fever, limited strictly to the bovine genus. It has but one cause—contagion from sick with the disease, or pastures, stables, cars or other places or things infected by sick cattle. An attempt is now being made by leading cattle men of the Blue Grass country to raise enough money to pay for all the infected cattle and have us stamp out the disease at once, and it is to be earnestly hoped that they will succeed. If they don't we will do our best to prevent any further spread of the disease until the Legislature meets, and will put the responsibility of stamping out upon that body. It was stamped out in some of the European countries at immense cost, in Massachusetts after an expenditure of $76,000. New Jersey for nearly that sum, and Illinois recently appropriated $40,000 to rid that State of the disease. A committee appointed to ascertain the value of our infected cattle, estimated them to be worth $12,000.

AT BAY VIEW.

A Successful Picnic at South Brooklyn.

A RAINY DAY

"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

As one of the trains of the Fort Hamilton Line, running through Third Avenue, Brooklyn, come to a stop in front of Bay View Park last Thursday afternoon, the conductor waved his hands to two young gents who occupied one of the rear seats. The alighted, one of them carrying a mysterious looking hand bag. Both were smoking "Between the Acts" cigarettes, and after alighting, took a survey of the surrounding scenery. Their roving glance took in the Lower Bay, the trees, meadows and the dark rain clouds which completely obstructed the sky. They fond themselves at the gate before they had time to give vent to their thoughts. Mr. Ward took their tickets, and the youngster with the package asked if there was any roller skating. The chairman of the Committee said perhaps not, ten entries were required or there would be no racing, but the skater was at liberty to use his skates. Another mute jobbed one of the Committee in the ribs and suggested the skater be invited to "take a turn" on the platform. The skater was willing, so the committee, headed by a young fellow in spectacles smoking a cigarette, lead the procession of small boys and girls to the platform. The skater drew out a pair of nickel-plated, brass-rimmed, $7 skates, and after passing them around for inspection—not forgetting to mention their cash value—proceeded to screw them on.

The skater arose in pride and proceeded to strike out, and all went well till he came to a turn. According to himself the floor came up and knocked him down, and the mild-looking man between nursing his burnt lips and holding himself up, had all he could attend to. The skater arose. He looked at the floor, but did not discover that he had cracked it. Then with mighty strides he swept down the platform, till near the end, and forgetting that waxed floors and roller skates do not agree, again tried to cut a graceful pigeon wing. The roof, so he said, descended on him with a crash and one foot persisted in heading for the upper end of the platform while the other wished to investigate things at the lower end. Everybody grinned (except the skater) and hoped the fun would continue, and it did, for another skater a little older than No. 1 came sailing and seeing, as he thought, No. 1 having a clear field to himself proceeded to screw on his skates preparatory to painting the platform red. He then lit a segar and sailed out. There was for the next five minutes a mixture of No. 1 and 2, and between alternate skaking and falling there was big fun for the spectators, but hard work for the skaters, who suggested that the floor ought to be chalked, but the dancers not thinking so, it was left as it was.

As soon as this was through, Mr. J. P. Donohue, Assistant Floor Manager started the opening march. Not a baker's dozen participated, but it was carried out to the end. Fifteen dancers then followed. In the middle of this part, Daniel J. Ward, of Newark, N. J., Assistant Floor Manager, and Bernard Donnelly, Floor Manager appeared, and things became livelier.

All this time, despite the rain which was coming down in buckets full, people were dropping in. Scarce a train passed, but had at least one person who got off at the park. Soon the platform was thronged, and dance after dance was followed in rapid succession, the mild looking man looking on approvingly.

There was no denying that the park was one of the handsomest in Brooklyn. The dancing platform was most tastefully decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns, etc., and was completely enclosed so that the rain was unnoticed, and in the evening was illuminated by numerous gas jets.

During the afternoon, Rev. Father Ward, of St. Charles Church, dropped in and smiled his approval, listened to the music for a while and then went home.

As was predicted, there was no lack of young men for partners for the ladies. They were quite as numerous, if not more so, than the gentler sex. This may be said to be a new feature of deaf-mute picnics, as a general rule at such gatherings they are as scarce as at a summer resort in the mountains.

Intermission came at last, and everybody went down stairs to sample the bill of fare, while everybody did not sample something else. But all were satisfied. No one expected to be served with a Hoffman House bill of fare, and they were not, as the most prominent things on the bill, were sandwiches, clam chowder, and tea and coffee. Before supper was quite over, some one took it into his head, in the absence of the floor managers, that things were not running right, and undertook to start up a march independent of the persons in charge. Before this was half done, Prof. Sause was told to cease playing, and the march was broken up. Soon the regular floor managers appeared, and things went along as they should.

During this march, the rain gained in strength and poured down in sheets, but it was not minded by any one, and kept things in harmony with the occasion. Prof. Sause played a waltz to the tune of "Wait till the Clouds roll by;" and every one, who could hear, was encouraged, but they waited in vain, for things did not clear up till the last dance.

During this, a rumor from the railroad company came in to inquire what time the affair closed, and if a special train was needed. He was told that it would be over at 11:30, and said that the special would be at the Sea Beach Crossing on time. This made the Committee of Arrangements feel decidedly important, and they shook hands with the conductor and paraded him around the platform, much to their own and his delight.

Those who remained away and suppose they were missed will, we think, be disappointed to a greater or less degree. There were about 450 present, and there would have been twice as many if the weather had been favorable, and for a rainy day the high water mark has been reached as regards profits.

Those who attended were mostly connected with the Brooklyn Sunday School, though there were members of the Brooklyn Society and the Gallaudet Club also on hand.

Out-of-door amusements were debarred on account of the rain, but rollicking times were had under cover. The park is just the right size for such an affair, and is situated in the midst of farming lands and pastures. A beautiful view of the Lower Bay can be had from the platform, with the Jersey Shore and the Orange Mountains in the distance.

Mr. Ed. Dunlap ran things at the gate, and everything points to him as the right person for such a position.

Mr. Ward, brother of Daniel J., collected tickets, and acted like a Chesterfield to the ladies.

J. F. O'Brien, J. P. Donohue, P. J. Campbell and T. Brown came by Sea Beach boats.

Mr. and Mrs. James Russell were on hand, and looked pleased and happy.

Miss Annie Bryan and her pupil, Miss McCarthy, were also there.

John Lloyd, Jr., and Miss M. A. Kenney got to the park just in time to escape a drenching.

Two youngsters, Masters Egan and O'Brien, got to the park as early as 8 A.M.

The fans presented to the picnic by the Cowperthwaits were very attractive in appearance, and every one took one or two.

Handsome twenty-page souvenirs were issued by the society, and distributed. This is one of the handsomest pieces of printing ever issued in pamphlet form by a deaf-mute society hereabout.

Albert Ballin talked about artists and "art."

Geo. S. Porter and W. H. Rose were from the JOURNAL office.

Among the young ladies from the Brooklyn, E. D., were Misses Gardiner, Lowery, Donnelly, Lackas, Mackie, Collegon, Welch, Devoy, Kelly, O'Reilly, Williams, McCue, McLoughlin, and others.

Miss Annie Robbins, to whom the credit of starting the Sunday School belongs, was on hand with her mother, and approved to enjoy things.

H. L. Juhring, E. Souweine and W. G. Pownall represented the East District of Brooklyn.

For the benefit of those who were not present, we give the

ORDER OF DANCING.

PART FIRST.

1. Promenade,	Sause
2. Lanciers,	Wiegand
3. Waltz,	Kennedy
4. Quadrille,	Boettger
5. Schottische,	Gardner
6. Polka,	Lotta
7. Quadrille, Waltz,	Boettger
8. Waltz,	Sause
9. Lanciers,	Solomon
10. Galop,	Schleppegrel
11. Quadrille,	Faust
12. Waltz,	Waldteufel
13. Schottische,	Balasco
14. Waltz,	Kennedy
15. Lanciers,	Sause

INTERMISSION.

PART SECOND.

1. Promende,	Sause
2. Quadrille,	Boettger
3. Waltz,	Skelly
4. Lanciers,	Wiegand
5. Schottische,	Sause
6. Quadrille, Waltz,	Boettger
7. Polka,	Rosenfeld
8. Waltz,	Howard
9. Lanciers,	Nitz
10. Waltz,	Millocker
11. Quadrille,	Schacht
12. Waltz,	Howard
13. Schottische,	Balasco
14. Waltz,	Wiegand
15. Lanciers,	Sause

ADIEU.

Misses Katie and Maggie Madden and Miss Doyle came from the west (side of New York) to see things, to flirt and to dance.

The Committee of Arrangements were J. F. Donnelly, Chairman, J. F. O'Neil, W. Ennis, Ed. Dunlap, J. Lloyd, Jr., M. Malony and H. White.

The Floor Manager was Mr. Bernard Donnelly. His assistants were J. P. Donohue and D. J. Ward. The Floor Committee were J. F. O'Neil, Chairman, Wm. Ennis, J. Lloyd, Jr., Thos. F. Fox, F. J. Barry, Ed. McConville, J. D. Shelton, Geo. Boks, Leo Nelson, J. J. Lowery, Benj Conroy, W. J. White, Chas. E. Green, W. J. Dunlap, Robt. V. Smith, Wm. Colgan, H. Gerber, J. Kellogg, J. Robins, J. Kavanagh, J. McLaughlin. The Reception Committee were Ed. Dunlap, Chairman, J. H. Dundon, Thos. Heydon, Jno. Hogan, J. Mackie, G. Gannon, Alf. Giraue, Tho. Gaskin, J. H. Leonard, R. Burke, W. J. Reilly, P. J. Campbell, J. Conroy, J. Lackas, H. Manning, Sol. Vigdor, Tim. Haggerty, Jas. Harrison, Jas. Lonergan.

THE GALLAUDET STATUE.

I have hitherto taken very little interest in the Gallaudet Statue movement, but as several correspondents of the JOURNAL have mentioned it lately, I have concluded to add my mite to the heap of printed matter, more especially as I have already contributed money towards the object in view.

I was not present at the National Convention when the statue motion was adopted, but have been informed that it was voted almost unanimously. If such is the case, every one who voted it pledged his word of honor to do all that lay in his power to forward the project, and if he does not do so, no one ought to trust him again. The convention was held in New York and was largely composed of citizens of that state, therefore the Empire State should act as leader. Talk is cheap, and we have had rather too much of it, so I suggest by way of change that we may go to work. I have already practiced what I am preaching, having handed Mr. Froehlich $5 for the fund. If the project fails, we will be the laughing stock of every one who hears of it. What! 30,000 men cannot put up a statue!!! Absurd. If all contribute a small sum, the thing is done and there is an end of it. It is true that Dr. Gallaudet has a monument in Hartford, but the last time I saw it, it looked forlorn. I am not an artist, but it struck me as being rather a shabby affair—one side of it represented a school room, and Dr. Gallaudet's figure was out of all proportion to the room.

My old classmate, Robert Lawrence, must have a rather a queer idea of the college, when he suggests a memorial hall. It would have to cost over $100,000, in order to be in keeping with the rest of the buildings. Besides the convention decided on a statue and all amendments, especially those made by outsiders, are out of order. What "one who has had long experience" means by his article in a late JOURNAL, I do not know. I read it, but could not understand it. If he is speaking of himself in his allusion to Moses, I beg leave to inform him that Moses began his work by killing an Egyptian, and that he (One of long Experience) had better follow suit, and go to work by contributing towards the object in view solid cash instead of empty sermons.

The Committee in charge of the Statue Fund, are doing all they can to carry out the project. I have been acquainted with Mr. T. A. Froehlich, the chairman of the Committee, since his boyhood, and had always found him a thoroughly honest, honorable gentleman, and can assure the readers of the JOURNAL, if the projects fails, it will not be through any fault of his.

Men of the Empire State, will you allow a plan started in your own state to fail from your indifference? If so, the state is disgraced. Pennsylvania is already in the field working, not talking. Will you allow her to beat you? Go to work. It will only require a small sum from each of us. The sooner the money is collected the better, as the thing has been started, and it is now too late to draw back. Put up the statue, and then, if you like, refuse to build any more, but do not pledge the word of New York State to an object and next day break your word of honor.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

BOSTON.

The following is from the *Farmer's Cabinet*, of Amherst, N. H. :—

"In this town, very suddenly, on Monday evening, Aug. 3d, Mrs. Philenia (Emerson) David, wife of John O. David, aged sixty-eight years, nine months and twelve days."

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes attended the funeral of Mrs. David, and the following is what Rev. Dr. Davis of the Congregational Church, at Amherst, N. H., wrote him :—

"In the death of Mrs. David, we lose a pleasant and helpful neighbor. I am glad you came to comfort our bereaved brother. We mourn, but not without hope."

Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, preached Sunday, Aug. 9th. His subject was principally about Joseph and his brethren.

Mr. John T. Tillinghast intends to go south in the autumn with his bride.

Prof. Wm. Weeks will preach August 16th; Prof. Wm. M. Chamberlain, 23d; and some one from Hartford, 30th.

The Boston JOURNAL of August 3d, speaks of Kate McDonald drowned in a mine pit filled with water at Wilkesbarre, Pa. She was deaf and dumb.

A recent visit to the Point of Pines by your reporter caused him to speak loud for August 19th. HUB.

NORTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

Repairs are being made on the buildings of the Raleigh Institution during the season of vacation.

The Raleigh Institution commences second Wednesday in September. A full school is expected this fall.

Peter L. Ray, Esq., who has summering two weeks at the Warm Springs, Western North Carolina, has returned home, improved in health, and we learn from the Greensboro *Daily Workman*, that he gained six pounds in weight.

Prof. E M. Goodwin, of Kingston, N. C., was appointed as teacher at the Raleigh Institution, last June, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Prof. J. E. Ray. Prof. Ray has been connected with the Institution for a number of years, and his resignation was deeply regretted.

ATWELL.

8-15-'85.

RHODE ISLAND.

Excursion to Bullock's Point.

GENERAL NEWS.

Saturday morning, August 15th, dawned bright and cool. Fifteen deaf-mutes appeared in the rooms of the Providence Society, and, in a body, went to the wharf, about three blocks away, from which the steamer "Whatcheer" brought them to Bullock's Point. The number was increased, however, later in the afternoon, to nearly forty. After several hours' strolling, they returned safely at 6 o'clock. Oscar Kinsman, manager, was supremely happy, there being no accident.

HOW THEY SPENT THE DAY.

Patrick Sullivan did not bring an umbrella with him, and the mutes, seeing it, knew it wouldn't rain. He is a weather prophet, indeed.

Mrs. Lester was the only lady who indulged in the pleasures of bathing in the salt water, unobserved.

The festive clam was not neglected by them. There was a contest between Miss Lily Sprague, Mrs. W. A. Jackson, Charles Letts and J. H. Donnelly, as to who would eat the greatest quantity of clams. It was narrowed down to the two ladies, but it couldn't be decided who the winner was. Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester, defeated Mr. Letts in the corn-eating race. Another race between the watermelon eaters occurred.

Harry Fitch and Walker, of Norwich, Conn., were inseparable companions, and left Bullock's Point in the afternoon to witness a base ball game between the Providence and New Yorks.

In the ball-throwing dummies contest, Mr. Letts won eighteen cigars, J. H Donnelly, twelve, Miss Lily Sprague, two pretty fans, Miss Bowers, one fan, Mrs. Jackson none. The former two set the cigars up all around.

Miss Sprague skated on rollers in Camp White, with a handsome hearing gentleman, and attracted some attention. She was very glad, when the "professor" informed her he would teach her fancy skating in the rink next winter.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson was under the chaperonage of Messrs. Donnelly and Letts. They saw the league ball game in the afternoon from the grand stand. Mr. Jackson could not come, much to the regret of all, as he could not be spared from work.

Where was "Hypo?"

Charles Campbell was very chivalrous to Miss Sprague.

Levi A. Lester, the trusted treasurer, smoked and looked contented.

Oscar Kinsman is a great lover of clams. He is a well known to the Bullock's Point people, as he is a regular attendant.

Mrs. Kinsman, Miss Bella Flagg and your correspondent did not show themselves at the Point, but appeared at the wharf in the evening, however, to welcome their friends back.

One of the young ladies said she enjoyed the excursion better than many others she has participated in, though she had often been to an excursion of two or three hundred mutes.

Misses Bates, Marks and McDonough were there, and enjoyed themselves very much.

Miss Sprague, on seeing John Beaucage at the wharf, remarked: "Oh, Beaucage is a dear little fellow."

James Dolan arrived at the point at 10 o'clock, and greeted his friends, stating that the boss would not let him go till that hour.

In the evening, there was a social gathering of about thirty mutes and hearing friends. Dancing was indulged in by several gentlemen and ladies. A mock band was played, with Miss Sprague on the violin on a high stool. Miss Flagg was one of the graceful dancers. Mrs. Asa Allen, her mute daughter and two ladies, of Willimantic, Conn., visiting her son in Providence, were present, and chatted with all. A collection was taken up for the society. When the hand climbed to ten, Mr. Lester, in the absence of Chairman Kinsman, declared the meeting to adjourn. Reluctant faces were seen, and their possessors went home in all directions. Thus ended the first annual excursion.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupres have gone to housekeeping.

Mr. Chapman, of Auburn, N. Y., educated at Buffalo and Rome, is now visiting relatives in Woonsocket.

Miss Bella Flagg, of Boston, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman.

We are surprised to know that Fred Hewitt, of Philadelphia, as he claims, educated at the New York Institution, was begging in Providence last Friday. One mute, who saw him, said he was ragged. The unfortunate fellow was the scribe's schoolmate.

A basket picnic was held at Mrs. Follett's romantic grove last Tuesday. Fifty attended. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, Misses Flagg and Sprague, Mrs. C. W. Mowry and H. D. Stillman, were the only mutes attending. "A most enjoyable time" was pronounced by all.

George Morrison, aged eighteen and well dressed, who claims to be a deaf-mute, was arrested in Woonsocket last Saturday by officers. He had been around town for two days soliciting money, which, he claimed, was for the support of a school for mutes in Canada. He visited the office of the *Evening Reporter*, where he solicited money. The editor called the scribe to interview him, when it was found he knew nothing about the sign-language or finger alphabet, and was thereupon arrested as a fraud. He had bought a ticket for Central Falls, when he was arrested at the instance of the scribe. He was searched, and a revolver was found in his hip pocket, and a few dollars in his shoes. No evidence could be proven, if he could speak. So he was released after seven hours in limbo, and sent to Massachusetts. He went to Worcester. Look out for him, Worcester mutes.

Rev. John Pettingell, a teacher at the Philadelphia Institute for mutes, essayed at the minister's meeting in Providence last week.

John McGinn, who has seen the inner walls of prison many times, was arrested in Providence last Saturday afternoon for stealing a silver watch from a mute, named Eddy, on the previous Wednesday. Eddy did not see him taking the watch, but on missing it, he saw his watch in John's possession, and demanded it. John informed him that he would keep it till the next day, as the "bad fellows might steal it." The next day came, but the thief did not appear. The detective and deputy chief of police arrested him, as above stated. It is to be hoped that he will be given a hard sentence. He has a mute brother, who behaves much better.

COMP.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Aug. 16, '85.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Joe. Mallett, a semi-mute, who has been working for Mr. Duffy, a shoemaker at Goldsboro, for the past two months, left last week for Tarboro, N, C., where he hopes to avail himself of opportunity of better wages.

Mr. Elam W. Neel was on the street in Goldsboro, and met the writer to his great delight, and chatted with each other for a while. He is a semi-mute, and a graduate of the North Carolina School. He is living on his farm near Grantham's store, about twelve miles below Goldsboro. He had bought it for about $1,000, in five notes at different times payable, but all has been paid, and he is now the possessor of it. Hope his example will be followed by others.

Mr. Jeff. D. Clontz, a graduate of the North Carolina Institution, just having worked for Mr. W. L. Bingham, left last May for Weatherford, Texas, to the sorrow of his many friends, to engage as a cowboy.

Mr. Jimmie A. Wright, of Wilmington, N. C., contemplates going to Columbia Primary Institute in Washington, D. C., next session, through the advice of Mr. McCarthy, a student of Kendall Green College, who is staying there, engaged in botanical researches. Jimmie's father has found him very unsatisfactory in his progress in articulation at the Institution at Raleigh, N. C., and hopes by sending his son to Washington, D. C., that he will find much improvement on his return home.

Mrs. James Q. Halt returned home to Raleigh, N. C., last week, from a visit of three months to her mother, improved in health, to the happiness of her husband.

J. C. Miller left home on a pleasure trip of two weeks to Bingham School, to see Walter L. Bingham, of Class '84, of Fanwood, on the following day, and on meeting him, he hardly recognized him for he had changed in appearance, having a long goatee on the point of his chin, and having a moustache, and he looked like a regular cow boy, but oh! he is not so. Walt. entertained the visitor with a most delightful sight of his fine farm, cattle, hogs, etc. He is superintending his farm with a dozen nigger hands. Later in the last week of the visitors' departure, Walter took him in his buggy through rough, rocky and hilly roads. Reaching the house of a deaf-mute, a pupil of the North Carolina School, named John E. Stockardt, they found him not present, and waited an hour until John came. They staid all night with him, and returned home, leaving his mind full of wonders about New York. After saying adieu to Walter on his return home, John C. Miller got off at Raleigh, N. C., met by Mr. A. J. Andrews, Class '79, of Fanwood, and stopped with him for two days. He visited the Institution with Mr. Andrews, and found his old friends on hand there. On entering the shoe-shop, he found Mr. John W. Clontz at his old bench with a shoe on his lap and his knife being sharpened, preparatory to cutting the sole. He is the father of two babies, one about two or more years old, and the other about two months old. Leaving the shop, the visitor found Mr. Jas. Q. Halt, assisted by Geo. B. Howard. Howard is the "boss" of the Base Ball Park.

Prof. John. E. Ray is no longer a teacher of the North Carolina Institution, but later he has been elected to a position at a salary of $1,500 per year. The Board of Directors were so suspicious of his actions, as if he was going to use his influence to put up a new Board of Directors, that they were afraid it would succeed, and at the annual election, they passed over his election. It may be remembered that they and the Professor had been on very unfavorable terms for the past several months, though he was perfectly innocent, and before that took place, the Board threatened to do something against the Professor, and on hearing that, he sent the tender of his resignation to the Board, but they did not accept it. This is a fact. No one can find out what was the cause of severing the connection of Prof. Ray as a teacher with the Institution. His place was filled by Mr. E. M. Goodwin, who was entirely ignorant of the sign-language, but is being taught it by Prof. David R. Tillinghast.

Now that it may be remembered that the Board of Directors had been influenced by H. A. Gudger to elect himself Principal of the Institution as soon as Principal W. J. Young's term expires. But J. J. Litchford, who was known as vicious leader of the Board, has died, and it is hoped the "circle of monopoly" will be broken down, and that H. A. Gudger cannot be Principal again. He was Principal of the Institution for eight years, and is trying to be so again.

The Board of Directors have decided to have speaking persons instead of deaf-mutes fill the places of teachers who are deaf in case of death or resignation.

EASTERN CAROLINOAN.

Kansas City Items.

The mutes of Kansas City will shortly organize a Pas-a-Pas Club. It promises to be the crack club of the West.

That brilliant correspondent, "Solid Muldoon," of Denver, was in the city recently. He came here on business connected with the Omaha & Grant Smelting Co., and made us a very pleasant call.

Miss Maud Thomas and Gracie Hart, of Wyandotte, were visiting Kansas City last week.

H. M. Harbert, instructor of the Academic class of the Colorado Institution, made us a pleasant call the other day. He has been visiting his old home in Topeka during the summer vacation, and took in Kansas City, St. Joe and Omaha, before returning to Colorado.

Mr. Joseph Marksbury and Miss Georgia Pistole were married Sunday, August 16, 1885, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Greeley, Rev. Frank Read officiating. A large number of their friends were present, who wished them long life and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Laughlin gave a progressive euchre party one day last week. "Cactus" did not take part in the game, for he does not fool with Satan's playthings, but he was entertained by the hostess' daughter, Cora, who is sweet sixteen, and received as much attention as the game.

The other day Misses Belle Morgan and Mary Kelly went over to Wyandotte on a visit. We suspect they were "setting their caps" for some nice young men,

Mr. Herbert Johnson, jr., was over to St. Louis on a visit the latter part of the week, and was royally received by the ladies. Out of curiosity he called upon the correspondent of the JOURNAL at that place, but he was evidently suffering from the "Jim Jams," and consequently was unable to entertain his visitor.

What has become of the Rev. Elmer Ayers? Will "Solid Muldoon" please give us his address.

Mr. John Dold, a graduate of the Iowa Institution, has been stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Greeley for the past year. He is thinking seriously of going back to Iowa, as he wishes to be nearer to his sweetheart and thus be able to see her oftener. That is perfectly proper, but we would not like to lose such a nice young man as John, and we sincerely hope he will change his mind and stay with us.

Mr. G. L. Wyckoff, formerly superintendent of the Kansas Institution, was in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paxton entertained a large party of friends last Saturday evening. Dancing and various other amusements were indulged in, and at midnight an excellent supper was served. The party departed at a late hour, after having passed a very enjoyable evening. One of the shallow-minded dudes who wore a No. 7 shoe on a No. 10 foot, was seen limping around the next day supported by crutches.

We understand that Mr. J. J. Smith, of Kansas City, a brother of "Solid Muldoon," of Denver, contemplates committing matrimony at an early day. It is like committing suicide, and we presume he will wish he had not done it in a very short time.

Rev. Frank Read held religions services in the Young Men's Christian Association reading rooms in this city Sunday, August 16th. Nearly all the mutes in the city and quite a large number from the country were in attendance, and the sermon was as good as could have been expected from an amateur deaf-mute preacher.

CACTUS.

WANTED.

Mrs. Bella C. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, a young deaf-mute widow, who is now summering at Long Branch, wishes to get a situation, as housekeeper and seamstress, in a respectable deaf-mute family. Address Mrs. Bella C. Lockwood, Long Branch Village, N. J.

The machinery for the manufacture of paper flour barrels is said to be perfected and in satisfactory working order. It is claimed the paper barrels will soon be substituted for wooden in many of the leading mills in the country.

FANWOOD.

Streams of Sunday Visitors.

VARIEGATED PARAGRAPHS.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

Miss Daniella Maxwell, was on a visit to the school Thursday. We hear the object of her call was to secure admission as a pupil, which was granted.

Mr. Tomlin, a cousin of Mr. W. S. Crittenden, was with him on the 11th inst.

The Institution was honored with a call from Messrs. Walter Scott and Charles Teall on the 11th inst. Mr. Scott is foreman of the printing office at the Rochester, N. Y., Institution, but has tendered his resignation in order to pass a collegiate course in Columbia College next fall. Mr. Teall, a young man of experience and ability from the *Evening Post* of this city, has been appointed his successor.

At the Brooklyn Picnic on last Thursday, there were few representatives of Fanwood, but we saw—

Willie Rose trying to be gallant. He succeeded.

D. Brown, who was followed closely by Blake, Brauer, Farrell and Hamm.

Tilson Haight, who was ready for the roller-skating contest, and gave exhibitions with Charles Vetterlein.

Miss Annie Austin, who was never present at a deaf-mute picnic before. She was accompanied by Miss Rachel Gantz. Both made themselves agreeable to everybody.

Miss Peterson, who enjoyed herself with the Fanwoodites.

Mr. Haar is still on Washington Heights. He has moved into a fine $30,000 house, with barn and lot, which his brother bought, and lives a life of contentment.

George Fisher, his sister Bella and Jennie Williams, took a trip to the world renowned Niagara recently. George is anxious to hear from Chas. W. Stowell.

The greatest excitement here at present is whether New York or Chicago will win the pennant in the baseball arena.

Supervisor Howell took Johnny Ingebrand to Connecticut last Thursday, and made arrangement to meet Theodore I. Lounsbury in Bridgeport on the following day.

Prof. Gamage has given up all intention of going to Europe, on account of the cholera scarce.

Night-watch Gerloff had an operation performed on his head last week, by Dr. Alexander.

J. B. Lloyd has returned home from his Western trip.

Baseball talk among the boys here still remains unabated.

Riverside Park is the greatest attraction at present. A boat load of mutes went there Saturday last, including James F. Donnelly, W. H. Rose, R. Tweed, Maloney, Keiswetter, Hackett and your reporter.

Supervisors Thimme and Mrs. Cook have returned from their vacation, and report an enjoyable time.

Deaf-mute visitors last Sunday were unusually numerous. We took the following names that came under our notice:— Bauer, Spring, Reininger, Jaynes, Rudolph, Kistler, Bettels, Turner, Stryker, D. H. Brown, Farrell, Hennessey and friends, Brewer Haar and Henry Fredericks, an intelligent German mute, James F. O'Neil and a couple of girl graduates of the Henry Street Institution in Brooklyn; G. L. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, and Arthur Lincoln Thomas, of Rogers, Peet & Co. There were a few girl visitors, but their names could not be obtained. There were still others who roamed about High Bridge and Riverside.

J. Reilly and his speaking sister were met at the Harlem Bridge last Sunday. They were bound for Riverside.

Martha Hasty's father was down to talk with Agnes Craig Sunday last. She is invited to spend a few days with his daughter.

Chas. Thompson came up recently and challenged any one to swim from the Institution to Fort Lee. Isaac Brockmann, a good looking son of Israel, smilingly accepted. It took place Saturday last, and accompanied by a boat they struck out to win the laurels. Isaac reached the shore first, and triumphantly crowed over his victory, while his antagonist was seized with cramps and taken on board. It is our belief Charlie will not be so anxious to offer a challenge after this.

Ed. Clearwater and his wife started on a visit to Niagara Falls on the 19th inst.

An exciting game of croquet took place Saturday evening last. The partners were Mr. Geo. P. Greenleaf and Mrs. Henry, Mr. W. G. Jones and Mr. Goetz, "Aquila" and Miss Agnes Craig. The game broke up late after dark, with no result.

James F. Donnelly hired one of Cameron's boats last Sunday. A fair one was with him.

Theodore I. Lounsbury climbed the stairs of the printing office, on the afternoon of Tuesday last, from Connecticut.

Mr. George P. Greenleaf and our worthy matron, Mrs. Susan L. Henry, took the girls, much to their delight and pleasure, on a drive to Riverside, on the 19th inst., and saw the tomb of General Grant.

AQUILA.

O Kinsman
Care Browne &
Sharpe Mfg Co
PROVIDENCE
RI

VIRGINIA.

CONCORD, CAMPBELL CO., VA.
Friday, August 7, '85.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I am spending a few days' rest on Mr. Chamberlayne's farm, about seven miles from the spot where the war was practically put to an end.

Then the pear tree under which the peace was made, was cut down to the ground by the Federal soldiers, so that the stump could not be seen. The tree was split into pieces for relics. It was therefore all gone.

A great pity it is that it should have been all destroyed. During my Mexican journey, I saw near Mexico City, the ancient oak with long branches, under which Cortez wept over his defeat by the Indians. The Mexicans still hold the tree in great veneration by keeping an iron fence round its trunk.

They have cool breezes here, while it is awful hot in New York and other cities.

There was a service for deaf-mutes near this place, which excited the interest in Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne's welfare felt by their more fortunate neighbors, some of whom cannot only spell, but also make signs. After service, I was introduced to a blind gentleman, once a member of the Virginia Institution, and we both talked with each other by sense of touch, to the wonder of the by-standers.

Four miles from here resides Mr. Johnston, once known as the deaf-mute druggist, who has got another child. He is doing well.

Two deaf and dumb brothers, named Martin and Anthony Hancock once lived in this neighborhood, but are both gone to another world. They attended school at Hartford, when they were quite old. I will tell you what made them know that there was a deaf-mute school at Hartford, which caused their desire to go thither to get an education.

They had another deaf and dumb brother, named John, older than themselves, who was taught by Braidwood near Richmond, before the opening of the Hartford School. The Braidwood School was unfortunately broken up by ardent spirits. I will relate an anecdote of Braidwood.

A lady sent him a note, inviting him to take tea with her, which invitation he accepted. After dressing himself for that occasion, he got upon his horse while he was under the influence of liquor, and while crossing over a river, he fell over his horse's head into the water while the horse was drinking. His fall frightened the horse which ran back to his old crib. The drunken man lay some time in the water, and got out, perfectly wet to the skin. The lady waited for him a long time, but he did not put in an appearance. So she sent a colored girl to see if any accident had occurred to him over the river. She saw him, and he told her to say to the lady that he could not meet the invitation on account of his clothes being drenched. The girl grinned at him, and got back.

John, spoken of, married a speaking lady and died in a year. His son removed to Illinois, quite full grown, and is said to have a large circle of children, all respectable.

A clock peddler from Connecticut, stopped at Mr. Hancock's house for some days, ostensibly for the purpose of selling his ready made clocks in the surrounding country. He could talk with those two brothers by signs without any difficulty, in which way he told them that he had often conversed with educated mutes in the silent language, and that there was a good deaf-mute asylum at Hartford, Ct., some miles from his home, I believe, Bristol, for it was, then, the only place celebrated all over the country for the manufacture of clocks.

This intelligence excited their eagerness for an education, and then they gave their father to understand that they had a strong desire to go to Old Hartford. Afterwards the father met that great man, John Randolph, of Roanoke, and acquainted him with their wish, but the latter gentleman told him that he did not approve of their being sent to school, had advised him to make them work on the farm or learn some trade, not only because he did not deem it necessary for deaf-mutes to get any education, but also because he once had a voiceless nephew named St. George Tucker who, for some time after having acquired a very good education, became insane by the refusal of a speaking lady to marry him. This enraged his uncle, because he had intended to present to him all his property after the knot, of which he was in favor. It was what caused him to think it best for mutes to work hard, not to get crazy. What a queer thought he must have had.

His advice to Mr. Hancock gave rise to the hatred, which Martin and Anthony felt towards him, and which they retained till they died. They often communicated to Mr. Chamberlayne the inexpressible contempt in which they held his memory. They told their father that they must go to the school, not only to learn to read and write, but also to know how to do figures without which they said they could not make a living.

So he drove them to Richmond, Va., in his wagon, there being no railroads in this part of the country at that time. The deaf-mute gentlemen went thence to New York City by water, and thence to Hartford by stage. They were cheerfully received by the elder Thomas H. Gallaudet, in their somewhat advanced ages.

During their pupilage at the Asylum, the same clock peddler often visited them in return for the kind treatment which he received at the hands of their father while in Virginia. He gave them a standing invitation to come to his house, which they afterwards did, and he and his wife kindly entertained them, which pleased them. He often advanced to them what they needed in the shape of funds, to be repaid by their father, which was promptly done.

After the completion of their education, they returned home, after which they received a present each from their father, Anthony, one in the shape of a farm, and Martin the other in that of good income and six valuable wagon horses with which to run a large plantation-wagon between their residence and Richmond. Martin took pride in the fat horses, and hauled a great deal of merchandise between those places, with the assistance of his only colored servant and cook.

Anthony lived and worked on his fine farm, as I have told you. He kept an "entertainment." In the south, they are the words "entertainments" instead of "taverns" in the country. He was united in wedlock to a speaking lady, who presented him with four speaking children—three sons and one daughter. Two of the sons were killed in battle, and the other died of sickness a few years ago. The daughter resides on the farm, which she inherited from Anthony, after he was laid to rest. She has four daughters, as fortunate as herself.

I have been feasting on an excellent ham, which my host, Mr. Chamberlayne, cured three years ago. It tasted very good, as if it was dressed a little while ago.

I must not omit to say that his deaf-mute brother, Edward, now deceased, showed his gratitude to the late Lewis Weld, principal of the American Asylum by presenting him with a large well-cured ham, which he had kept in his smoke house in Virginia for five years. It was during the ceremony of presenting the silver pitchers to Gallaudet and Clerc. His grandfather, after whom he was named, built, at his own expense, an Episcopal church, called St. Peter's Church, in New Kent Co., Va., before the Revoluntionary War. It is the church, in which Gen. Washington and his lady were married. I may one day officiate within the walls of that holy temple. There is quite a number of ancient Episcopal churches in Old Eastern Virginia, some of which have not been used for many years, and cannot be used at all, on account of their being in ruins.

The gentleman alluded to, told his wife that he was going to England on business for three or four months, and that she must manage his extensive plantation for him during his absence beyond the blue sea. While he was away, he was nominated for the Assembly of Burgesses, now called the Legislature of Virginia. His noble wife consented to electioneer for him, which she did with the eloquence of a true statesman. To her great joy, he was elected, and on his return home he applauded her for her successful canvass.

One of Mr. Chamberlayne's four sons, named Thomas Gallandet, is a very good hand to catch opossums.

Many years ago, on a Saturday night, I bought a very fat opossum of a colored man, and locked it up in my dining room for the night, for the purpose of killing it for dinner the next morning, but to my disappointment I found that it had disappeared. How it escaped, is still a mystery to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne had the great misfortune to lose their very sweet and bright child last March. I had the pleasure of baptizing him by the name of John Stewart, a few months before.

I leave here for Eastern Virginia to-morrow, to hold two services, one in an ancient Episcopal church next Sunday morning, and the other in another church, at night.

Very sincerely your friend,
JOE TURNER.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Philenia Emerson David, wife of John O. David, of this town, died of heart disease, on Monday night, at the age of sixty-eight years and nine months. Mrs. David was a native of Corydon, this State, and ever since her marriage to Mr. David has been a resident here. She joined the Baptist church here in early life and has since been an esteemed and conscientious member. She was a devoted wife and mother, a true help-meet, and a good neighbor. Skillful with the needle and industrious, she was always ready to bend her art to aid charitable and benevolent enterprises. Although she lost her speech and hearing in early life by sickness, yet this misfortune did not discourage her from seeking an education, and she entered the asylum at Hartford, Ct., devoted to the instruction of mutes. Though delegated to live a silent life, yet she always carried a smile and wore a cheerful countenance intelligent, and divining one's thoughts by intuition, it was always pleasant to hold communion with her. She was widely known by mutes throughout the State, among whom she will be deeply mourned, as well as by her more immediate friends and neighbors. She leaves her husband, who is deeply stricken with his great bereavement, a son and daughter, John G. David, of Boston, and Lucy E., wife of Wm. B. Clark, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Farmer's Cabinet, Amherst, N. H.*

Orange, New

Secretary Robert Tilden Bailey spent several days at Trenton, N. J. Whilst there he called on his old classmates, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gulick.

John Patrick Cotter had a valuable watch stolen from him two weeks ago.

Messrs. James Bradley and Frank C. Lenox, of this city, spent Sunday visiting friends at Northfield.

Ex-Treasurer Wm. S. Ersinger, of Newark, has been boarding several days on the farm of Mr. John Bennett.

Mr. R. T. Bailey was seen going about town with a black eye that he received in contact with a base ball.

Miss Mary Somers is expected home in a few days from her visit at New Brunswick.

The Finn sisters report they had a good time on the excursion to Iona Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hansome, of Chicago, are visiting their aunt at Milburn, N. J.

Peter Kinney and Charles Jastram were about town last week, visiting their mute friends.

The circus was in town last Saturday. Nearly all the mutes were in attendance. Frank Lenox amused himself by feeding monkeys with peanuts.

What has become of "Hypo?" Has he taken refuge from the New Jersey mosquitoes?

Patrick Ford, of Montclair, went on a clam bake to Swinefield Bridge last Friday.

John Jacobs is again peddling about town.

"Pansy" is thinking of visiting St. Louis next winter.

Mr. James Bradley expects to work on a farm at Northfield for Mr. Edwards.

Miss Minnie R. Blanrock is now working at hat trimming in one of the largest shops in town.

There is a religious service held at Riegelsville every two weeks for deaf-mutes, at the Dutch Church.

PANSY.

Aug. 17, '85.

GEORGIA.

Messrs. Fisher, Hoge and Johnson, returned from a long town in Florida last week. They visited the principal towns and counties, and stated they had a pleasant trip.

Messrs. C. C. Newmann and G. W. Klein, ex-pupils of the Ohio Institution, went to Jacksonville, Fla., two weeks ago, and tried to get work, but in vain, and returned to Atlanta.

Mr. W. B. Lathrop, former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, moved to Livingston twelve miles from Cavespring, to benefit his wife's health.

A party of twelve deaf-mutes met and became acquainted with Mr. Dundon, the celebrated mute pitcher of the Atlanta baseball team at the Kimball House, three weeks ago.

Grant and Strong.

MR EDITOR:—Having seen in your JOURNAL, an account of the silent excursion to Nantasket, Mass., under the excellent management of Geo. A. Holmes, I would like to say a little about Grant and Strong families.

Matthew Grant, the lineal ancestor of Gen. U. S. Grant, landed at Nantasket, Mass., in 1630, from England, in the packetship "Mary and John," in company with elder John Strong, my lineal ancestor. They founded Dorchester and Hingham, Mass. Afterwards they settled at Windsor, Conn., not far above Hartford, and built log houses in 1647.

Grant and Strong are of English Puritan stock.

Yours truly,
C. K. W. STRONG.

NOTICE.

The Brooklyn Sunday School was closed last Sunday, to re-open Sunday, September 6.

Annual Basket Picnic
OF THE
DEAF-MUTES
OF
LYCOMING & NEIGHBORING COUNTIES,
TO BE HELD AT
RANSOM'S ISLAND
three miles down the river from
Williamsport, Penn.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, '85.
GRAND FAMILY LEGERDEMAIN
WILL BE EXHIBITED BY
MR. CHAS B. FISHER.

Steamer "Lizzie" leaves the foot of Market Street bridge at 9 and 11 A.M., and returning leaves at 6 P.M.

Only 15 Cents for Round Trip.

Committee on Arrangements.
W. W. SWARTZ, *Chairman.*
P. J. LEONARD, J. N. EPLER,
C. W. LONGENBERGER.

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FOR THE DEAF!

The Gallaudet
PRIZE
ALPHABET CARD

We take pleasure in announcing the publication of a memento of Deaf-Mute Education in the United States, which will at once commend itself to all interested in that subject. It consists of a card, 6½x9½ inches, beautifully executed in

Eleven Colors and in Gold.

The design shows, among other interesting subjects; a portrait of

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET

founder of the first school for the Deaf in America; a view of

THE HARTFORD SCHOOL
AND
NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,

at Washington, D. C. Surrounding these accurate views is

THE MANUAL ALPHABET,

superbly illustrated in natural colors. In the centre is an

Exquisite Boquet of Roses and Violets,

and a blank space for the insertion of a name. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the public, nor has anything at once so beautiful and so useful ever been sold for the trifling sum asked for these cards.

OPINIONS OF IMPARTIAL CRITICS.

From The National College.

E. M. GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D., the President of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., says: "The design is a pleasing one and the combination of colors very good."

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE ANNALS."

PROF. E. A. FAY, of the National College, writes: "I have looked at the card you sent Dr. Gallaudet, and think it is in very good taste. The combination of colors is harmonious and the general effect is pleasing."

PROF. HOTCHKISS, of the National College, gives his opinion of the design, thus: "If you will only supply the irrepressible class of deaf-mute peddlers with it, in place of the worthless pictures they now sell at exorbitant prices, you will deserve to be crowned a public benefactor."

From the Hartford School.

MR. JOB WILLIAMS, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf ("dear old Hartford"), says: "I think the cards are neat and tasteful. * * * * Your idea of a prize card of this nature for those who are accustomed to give prizes is a good one, and you have carried it out well."

The Philadelphia Institute.

MR. JOSHUA FOSTER, ex-Principal of the Penn. Inst. for the Deaf, writes: "I do not think that my judgement in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

PRINCIPAL A. L. E. CROUTER, thus speaks of the work: "I consider your card the best of the kind I have ever seen. Every deaf child should have one, and all persons desirous of learning the manual alphabet should hasten to become the possessor of one or more of them. I predict a great demand for your card, and congratulate you upon the taste and skill with which it has been prepared."

Western Pennsylvania Institution.

ACTING PRINCIPAL G. M. TEEGARDEN, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, writes: "I will say the card is the best thing of the kind I have ever seen. The design is pleasing and artistic; the letters are well formed and in proper position. * * * * It is a beautiful card, and I have no doubt will be gladly received in every family where there is a deaf member."

The Ohio Institution.

PRINCIPAL PRATT says: "I am pleased with it, and should think it would find a ready sale. * * * * Nicely framed, it seems to me that all who go from the institutions would like to have it."

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET writes: "Your "Gallaudet Prize Card" is the most beautiful and satisfactory production of its kind I have ever seen. I trust it will come into general use throughout the country."

The Pennsylvania Association.

REV. HENRY W. SYLE, Pastor of the Deaf-Mute Parish in Philadelphia, and President of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Deaf, writes: "The card you have designed forms an elegant epitome of the progress of the education of the Deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet, to its culmination in the college, under his youthful son. The design is graceful, and the coloring remarkably delicate and harmonious. It would form a pleasing memento for any one benefited by or interested in such education."

The New England Association.

PRES. JOHN T. TILLINGHAST, of the New England Gallaudet Association, speaks his mind, thus: "I am very much pleased with the card. The alphabet is the best I have ever seen."

Space will not allow us to enumerate more of the many good opinions we have of the card. Send 35 cents for two samples (neatly packed and postage prepared), and judge for yourself.

This is to Certify that H. P. ARMS & CO. have Addressed and Mailed 15,000 or more Copies of this Advertisement to the Deaf-Mutes throughout the United States and Canada.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Granada Hall, Myrtle Avenue, bet. Bridge and Duffield Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jahring, Pres't; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice President; Charles E. Green, Secretary; J. P. Ijams, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary; S. Schlamm, and Recording Secretary, Wm. Winslow. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pendry's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. J. H. Vance, 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio, President; Phil Thimness, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Chas. Angle; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Charles Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bowe; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address, President or Secretary at 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee. Secretary's Address, 36 Charlestown St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John T. Tillinghast, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Loster, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bonsfield; 2d Vice-President, Jacob Gottaheimer; Treasurer, George Kinsey; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Scargeant-at-Arms, Peter Housel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. Entrance on Charles Street. The officers of the club for the current half year are: President, Aaron Friedenrich; Vice-President, R. E. Underwood; Secretary, Henry J. Gill; Treasurer, James H. Mooney; Scargeant-at-Arms, Chas. H. Reed. Those who desire to make communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Mutes from other states are cordially invited to attend social and literary exercises, except business meetings.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

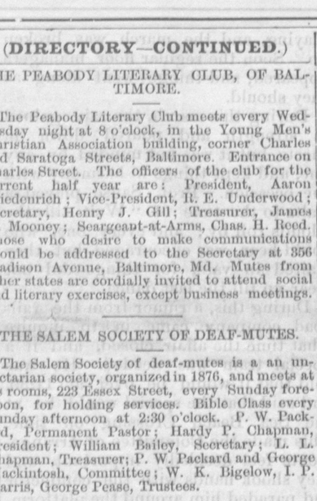
The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; P. W. Packard and George Mackintosh, Committee; W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, George Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Nicholas Zimmerman Vice-President; Charles A. Smith, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and Hiram B. B. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also holds a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is No. 5 Cannon Place, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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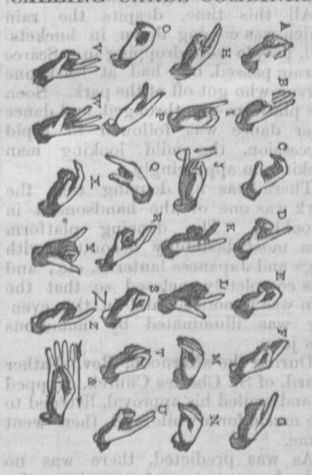
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